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vintage. for Tuija,

I put this text up recently, I think this picture suits the lyric.

Hey Patchouli Girl

Hey Patchoulj Girl

you are wearing a perfumed scarf
carrying a 12 string Martin guitar
searching for soul, searching for thunder

Got a fancy strap for it
on your way to your next gig
it seems like they never end

Your fingernails are painted garnet red
and you've got a ruby satchel filled with
songs about rivers around the bend

Hey Patchoulj Girl

everyone wants to join in your parade,
and tomorrow's myths are often made
of things less substantial, it's true,

Hey Patchoulj Girl

that scent lingering on your
neck, it's kind of musty, kind of sexy,
kind of splendid sunsets gathered together

and worn on your chest
under your velvet waistcoat that
several times has been mended
with golden tones and silver thread

Maybe I'm just jealous of the way
your clothes hug you

As you move further west
you are riding the crest of your own
new wave
searching for soul, searching for thunder

Hey Patchoulj Girl

here's a parkbench and a bandstand
built for us. Will you share the
stage with me
I'll try not to step on
your feet...too much

You've got me in a trance
In my bag of tricks are two tickets
we could leave from the station
where the trains go speeding by
if you're inclined, so am I

Hey Patchoulj Girl
You could wear sunglasses,
dress in shades
and tease your fans away
for just three more days

Then I'll turn you loose
After all
you can't hold
stardust for too long,
it slips between your fingers
like sand and then it's gone

There's time for fame tomorrow
Tonight we're free
and I'm hungry for the flavour of you
that hides inside me

searching for soul, searching for thunder
searching for soul, searching for thunder

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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